THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

—UTILE DULCI.—

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ANGELINDE,

OR THE FATAL EFFECTS OF PRECIPITANCY.

(A TALE.)

THE beauteous orb of night aroſe in majeſtic pomp, the azure ſky was decked with a thouſand glittering ſtars, the horizon was clear, not a ſingle cloud intervened, every thing was calm and tranquil, the face of nature was ſilent; all but the wretched Angelinde huſhed on the bed of ſleep.—Alas! poor hapleſs maiden!—Three long years had ſlowly eſcaped ſince ſhe parted from her beloved Theodore, ſince ſhe was folded in his arms, and watched the fainteſt glimmering of the veſſel which conveyed him from her longing ſight. One year was to have been the period of his abſence. How did ſhe count with anxious care each moment which revolving time brought forth! Each riſing morn fed her with hopes it might be the day of his return; each night ſhe climbed with eager ſteps the airy ſteep of the rugged and ſtupendous cliff, to try if her extended ſight could catch the moſt diſtant proſpect of his well-known ſhip. Alas! how vain her efforts! All was in vain; the hour of Theodore's return was not yet arrived. A rich gentleman in the neighbourhood had ſeen her; it was ſufficient to be ſeen to love her: the modeſt diffidence of her azure eyes captivated him. Her parents, pleaſed with his large fortune, gave him their conſent to marry her. Her's was not in her power; her heart, her love, her every wiſh was Theodore's. "He is undoubtedly dead," cried her parents; "then why waſte the morning of your days in gloomy ſorrow? all will not recal him from his watery grave." Alas! his memory was too deeply graven on her mind for this to eraſe it—it was impoſſible—Angelinde knew it well. She knew, that whilſt the vital blaze of life animated her frame, it muſt there remain; and that death, and death alone, could obliterate it. How could ſhe then conſent to marry Palermo? How could ſhe *falſify* vows that had been made

"Without reſerve,
Never to be retracted—ne'er diſſolv'd
By accidents, by abſence, time, or death."

No, her heart reſolutely determined never to be inconſtant, but, whilſt life ſupported her, to dwell on the object of her early love.—Unmindful of all ſhe ſaid to the contrary, her father even fixed the day which was to wed her to Palermo—all was prepared, and the preceding evening arrived. The clock ſtruck twelve, every thing was huſhed, when the lovely and unfortunate Angelinde walked forth once more to review the wide expanſive deep, where ſhe had ſo often gazed with a pleaſing yet painful expectation. The night was fine, the murmuring of the waves re-echoed in the breeze, every thing ſeemed at reſt. It was

"As the gen'ral pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe."

Every opening object accorded with the ſadneſs of her troubled ſoul.——

"Ah! my Theodore," cried the deſponding fair, "where art thou now? where is now that form my doating eyes have ſo often viewed with admiration? Muſt I never more be bleſſed with the ſight of thee? Ah! wretched Angelinde, how canſt thou meanly ſhrink from thoſe vows of conſtancy thou haſt ſo oft repeated!—how canſt thou wed another! No, my ſoul forbids it. Ah! what a thought my diſordered imagination ſketches out to me! Deliberate not—quick, quick—one moment and again reaſon will reſume her ſeat." The gentle wind ſpread out the drapery of her long flowing garment; a ſudden mighty effort ſeized her. The ſteep, the aweful precipice opened before her eyes; the boiſterous ocean, in hollow murmurs with it's briny lavings, frothed beneath her feet. Her frenzy, which had now increaſed almoſt to madneſs, with a ghaſtly pencil pourtrayed a ſecret impulſe to her deſponding ſoul. The means of death were before her, a watery tomb opened upon her ſight, and how preferable did it appear to the gilded coach of Hymen, which awaited on her nod. The deluſive ſyren took poſſeſſion of her fancy, a deſperate plunge proclaimed the victory, and the mercileſs ocean, with wide expanded jaws, and greedy ſwallow, devoured her.—Raſh maiden, raſh precipitancy!—Alas! fatal, thrice fatal hour!—Scarce had the rapid hand of time produced another moment, before a boat landed at the foot of the cliff, and the then happy Theodore again hailed his native vale. How ſhort, good heavens, was that happineſs! The gleaming of the moon diſcovered to his view the veſtments of a woman, which the wave ſtill bore in defiance up. But what pen, ever ſo able, can depict the horror, the diſtraction which burſt like an unexpected ſtroke of lightning on the mind of the miſerable Theodore, on finding the unhappy ſufferer was his beloved Angelinde——Oblivion, draw a veil over the horrors of this ſcene; let not it's malignity taint the pure, the unſullied ether, with the preſence of ſo diſmal a proſpect. Deſcription muſt reſign the pencil; it is not in nature to paint with truth the ghaſtly ſhades of ſo tragic a picture. The feelings of the loſt, the miſerable Theodore, were inadequate to the weight of this mighty preſſure. At the ſight of his beauteous Angelinde wrapt in the arms of death, every other conſideration was trivial. The grief of diſconſolate parents, weighed againſt the loſs of his conſtant love, proved light. What reſource was there left for him? Death, griſly Death, had now ten thouſand charms. To be united for ever to his Angelinde, the bare idea was rapture, the tranſporting thought deadened every other ſenſe. The briny grave of the unfortunate maiden was preſent, and her voice ſeemed to call him to rejoin her. How deluſive, how ſweet is haſty fancy! He could not reſiſt, but launched into eternity at once. Poor hapleſs pair! But they are now at reſt. Peace to their ſhades. Adieu, for ever.

JULIET,

A FRAGMENT.

——Mournful ſight,
Her eyes weep blood, and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.

BLAIR.

MY eyes roved around me, and at length reſted on a grated window of a ſtone manſion: at it ſtood a female, on her ſhoulder was a pigeon, her head was turned towards it, and it's bill was in her mouth. There was an air of plaintive eaſe in her looks, that made her exquiſitely intereſting. Her hair was pale flaxen, and it's curls concealed half her face, round her forehead went a green ribbon. Her habit was white, and appeared to be a robe, it buttoned down to the wriſt. One hand reſted on a bar, the other I could not ſee. On her boſom ſhe wore a ſprig of cypreſs, and round her neck hung a medallion. Her attention was fixt on the pigeon; he returned it by playfulneſs and careſſes. On a ſudden ſhe ſeemed to forget her little favourite, and ſunk into a reverie. She awoke from it, and with a ſigh, a ſigh that penetrated my very ſoul cried, "Ah me." A tear at the ſame time fell down her cheek: my heart wept too. She walked from the window; my whole ſoul went with her; an irreſiſtible ſomething fixt me to the ſpot; it was ſurely ſympathy. Extreme ſenſibility is not my characteriſtic, I am not ſoftened by every trifle, but now I was truly melted. My emotion was exquiſite, and involuntarily I daſhed the tear from my eye; it was unmanly, unlike a ſoldier, but it was involuntary. I heard the poor unfortunate touch the chords of a lute; but ſhe ſoon forſook it, and returned to the window. Juſt heaven! how undeſcribable were my feelings at beholding this angelic being again! Her pigeon had ſtationed itſelf in her boſom; ſhe put both hands on the bar, and reſted her head againſt it. At that inſtant a domeſtic came from the houſe. "Friend," ſaid I, giving him ſome gold; "friend, who is that lady?" "Alas! your honour," replied the man, and he ſighed; "alas! your honour, that is poor madam Juliet; ſhe is mad, quite mad. Oh! it would make your heart bleed to hear her talk. She is confined, and is never left unattended, for ſhe has ſeveral times tried to kill herſelf." "And what, my good fellow, is the cauſe of her madneſs?" aſked I. "A very diſmal one,

replied the man. "Madam Juliet was to have been married to Lord Edgar; three days before the wedding day, Lord Edgar was taken ill and died, and madam Juliet loſt her ſenſes, and never has been once reaſonable ſince: ſhe is very fond though of a tame pigeon, which was given her by her lover; that, and his picture, which ſhe wears round her neck, is her only ſatisfaction."

A young LADY'S PRAYER *for a* HUSBAND.

FROM a prophane libertine, from one affectedly pious, from a profuſe almoner, from an uncharitable wretch, from a wavering religioſo and injudicious zealot—deliver me.

From one of ſtarched gravity, or ridiculous levity, from an ambitious ſtateſman, from a reſtleſs projector, from one that loves any thing beſides me, but what is very juſt and honourable—deliver me!

From an extaly'd poet, a modern wit, a baſe coward, and a raſh fool—deliver me!

From a Venus darling, from a Bacchus proſelyte, from a travelling half-bred, from all other maſculine affectations, not yet recounted—deliver me!—But give me one, whoſe love has more of judgment than paſſion, who is maſter of himſelf, or at leaſt an indefatigable ſcholar in ſuch a ſtudy, who has an equal flame, a parallel inclination, a temper and ſoul ſo like mine, that, as two tallies, we may appear more perfect by union.—Give me one of as genteel an education as a little expence of time will permit, with an indifferent fortune, independent of the ſervile levees of the great, and yet one whoſe retirement is not ſo much from the public, as into himſelf; one (if poſſible) above flattery and affronts, and yet as careful in preventing an injury, as able to repair it; one, the beauty of whoſe mind exceeds that of his face, yet that not deformed, ſo as to be diſtinguiſhable from others by it's uglineſs—— ive me one that has learned to live much in a little time; one that is no great familiar in converſe with the world, nor no little one with himſelf; one (if two ſuch happineſſes may be granted at one time to our ſex) who with theſe endowments may have an eaſy honeſt diſpoſition; who by his practice, as well as principals, has made himſelf ſo, let him be truly virtuous and pious, and me be truly happy in my choice.

SONNET IN *PROSE*.

Tranſlated from the Italian Language.

THE mariner ſings whilſt he is rowing, and the ſong makes his rough work appear leſs rough.

The ploughman ſings whilſt he is ploughing, and his ſong ſeems to make the glebe yield eaſier to the ſtroke.

The priſoner ſings in the antique fort in which he is confined, and his ſong makes the heavy hours paſs away leſs unpleaſant.

The mower ſings over the cut-down ear, and his ſong renders him more callous to the ſcorching heat of the ſun.

The callous-handed ſmith ſings at the break of day, and his ſong ſeems to make his ſtrokes on the rough and ſonorous anvil come down lighter, and give him leſs trouble. Thus I, not for glory or honour that may come from it, but to deaden and numb, if poſſible, the grief that oppreſſes me; thus I, ſing at one time Love, and at another time Fortune.

AMELIA: OR THE FAITHLESS BRITON.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

[*Continued.*]

AT the ſight of that lady, however, Doliſcus ſtarted. Amelia's countenance was pale and haggard with fatigue and ſorrow, her perſon was oppreſſed with the burthen ſhe bore in its laſt ſtage, and her eye, fixed ſteadfaſtly upon him, as he entered the room, beſpoke the complicated anguiſh and indignation of her feelings. Her aſpect ſo changed, and her appearance ſo unexpected, added to the terrors of a guilty conſcience, and, for a moment, Doliſcus thought the viſitation ſupernatural. But Amelia's wrongs having inſpired her with courage, ſhe boldly reproached him with his baſeneſs and perfidy, and demanded a public and unequivocal acknowledgment of their marriage. In vain he endeavored to ſoothe and divert her from her purpoſe, in vain to perſuade her to ſilence and delay—his arts had loſt their wonted influence, while the reſtoration of her injured fame and honor abſorbed every faculty of her mind.

At length he aſſumed a different tone, a more authoritative manner. "Madam," exclaimed he, "I am not to be thus duped or controuled. I have ſcorn of pity, indeed, for your indiſcretion, but none for your paſſion. I would alleviate your afflictions, but I will not ſubmit to your frenzy." "Wretch!" retorted Amelia "but that I owe ſomething to a father's peace, I ſhould deſpiſe to call thee huſband."—"*Huſband!*" cried Doliſcus, with a ſneer, "Huſband! why truly I remember a rural maſquerade, at which an honeſt ſoldier, now my humble porter, played the parſon, and you the bluſhing bride—but, prythee, do not talk of huſband."

This diſcovery only was wanting for the conſummation of Amelia's miſery. It was ſudden and fatal as the lightning's blaſt—ſhe ſunk beneath the ſtroke. A deadly ſtupor ſeized upon her ſenſes, which was ſometimes interrupted with a nervous ejaculation.

Doliſcus, unaffected by compaſſion or remorſe, was ſolicitous only to employ this opportunity for Amelia's removal, and having conveyed her into a coach, a ſervant was directed to procure lodgings for her, in ſome obſcure quarter of the city. She ſpoke not a word during the tranſaction, but gazed with apparent indifference upon the objects that ſurrounded her, ſhe ſubmitted to be tranſported whither ſoever they pleaſed to conduct her. After winding through a drear and dirty paſſage in the neighborhood of St. Giles's the carriage ſtopped at a hovel which belonged to a relation of the ſervant that accompanied her, and he having communicated in a ſhort whiſper the object of his viſit, an old and decriped beldame led Amelia into a damp and narrow room, whoſe ſcant and tattered furniture proved the wretchedneſs of its inhabitants.

A premature birth was the natural conſequence of the conflict which had raged in Amelia's mind. She had entered the apartment but a few moments, when the approach of that event gave a turn to her paſſions, and called her drooping faculties once more into action. Without comfort, without aſſiſtance, in the hour of extreme diſtreſs (ſave the officious ſervices of her antiquated hoſt) ſhe was delivered of a ſon. but the fond ſenſibility of the mother obtained an inſtantaneous ſuperiority over every other conſideration. Though, alas! this ſolitary gratification too, continued not long:—her infant expired after a languid exiſtence of three days, ſerving only to increaſe the bitterneſs of Amelia's portion.

Amelia caſt her eye towards heaven as the breath deſerted the body of her babe: it was not a look of ſupplication, for what had ſhe to hope or to dread?—neither did it indicate diſſatisfaction or reproach, for ſhe had early learned the duty of reverence and reſignation—but it was an awful appeal to the throne of grace, for the vindication of the act by which ſhe had reſolved to terminate her woes. A phial of laudanum, left by a charitable apothecary, who had viſited her in her ſickneſs, preſented the means, and ſhe wanted not the fortitude to employ them. Deliberately, then, pouring the baneful draught into a glaſs, ſhe looked wiſhfully a while upon the infant corpſe that lay extended on the bed, then bending on her knees, uttered, in a firm and ſolemn voice, the melancholy effuſions of her ſoul.—"Gracious Father! when thy juſtice ſhall pronounce upon the deed which extricates me from the calamities of the world, let thy mercy contemplate the cauſe that urged me to the perpetration. I have been deluded into error, but am free from guilt: I have been ſolicitous to preſerve my innocence and honor; but am expoſed to infamy and ſhame. The treachery of him to whom I entruſted my fate, has reduced me to deſpair——he declining day of him from whom I received my being, has been clouded with my indiſcretions, and there is no cure left for the ſorrows that conſume me, but the dark and ſilent grave. Viſit me not then, in thy wrath, oh! Father, but let the exceſs of my ſufferings in this world, expiate the crime which wafts me into the world to come—may thy mercy yield comfort to Horatio's heart, and teach Doliſcus the virtue of repentance."

She roſe and lifted the glaſs. At that inſtant, a noiſe on the ſtairs attracted her attention, and a voice anxiouſly pronouncing—"It muſt be ſo!—nay, I will ſee her"—arreſted the dreadful portion in its paſſage to her lips. It is my Amelia! exclaimed Horatio, as he haſtily entered the room.

Amelia ſtarted, and looked for ſome moments intently on her father, then ruſhed into his arms, and anxiouſly concealed the ſhame and agony of her countenance, in that boſom, from which alone ſhe now dreaded a reproach, or hoped for conſolation. He, too, beheld with horror the ſcene that preſented to his view; he preſſed his deluded, miſerable daughter, to his heart while a ſtream of tears ran freely down his cheeks; till at length, his imagination, infected with the objects that ſurrounded him, conceived the dreadful purpoſe of the draught, which had fallen from Amelia's hand, and anticipated a ſorrow, even beyond the extremity of his preſent feelings. When however, he collected ſufficient courage to reſolve his fears, and it was aſcertained that the meditated act had not been perpetrated, a momentary ſenſation of joy illuminated his mind, like the tranſient appearance of the moon, amidſt the gloomy horrors of a midnight ſtorm.

When the firſt impreſſion of this mournful interview had paſſed away, Horatio ſpoke comfort to his daughter. "Come, my child, the hand of Heaven, that afflicted us with worldly cares, has been ſtretched out to guard you from everlaſting wretchedneſs:——that Providence which proves how vain are the purſuits of this life, has beſtowed upon us the means of ſeeking permanent happineſs of that which is to come.

Cheer up my Amelia! The errors of our conduct may expose us to the scandal of the world, but it is guilt alone which can violate the inward tranquility of the mind." He then took her hand, and attempted to lead her to the door. "Let us withdraw from the melancholy scene, my love."—"Look there!" said Amelia, pointing to the corpse—"look there!" "Ah!" said Horatio, in a faultering accent—"but it is the will of heaven!" "Then it is right," cried Amelia—"give the poor victim a little earth—sir, is it not sad to think of?—and I am satisfied." She now consented to quit the room, and was conveyed in a carriage to the inn at which Horatio (who immediately returned to superintend the interment of the child) had stopped on his arrival.

(To be continued.)

LUCILIUS AND LEONORA.

THE warmth with which the protestations of lovers are made is seldom an auspicious omen. The history of Lucilius and Leonora will establish this maxim. Leonora, though a complete beauty, was diffident of her charms, but the reserve which she shewed rather heightened than diminished their power. Humanity may conquer, but ostentation will occasion disgust. Lucilius saw her—he first admired her for her virtues, he afterwards wished to triumph over the virtues which he could not but admire—in a word, in an unguarded hour, he prevailed on her to give him her hand at the altar; but insidiously added, that their marriage could not be too private, as his expectances from powerful relations were great, whose ambition might be offended at a match for which their sanction was not requested.

Crafty as the devourer of poultry, he applied to a brother officer to assume the dress of a priest, and to perform the conjugal ceremony. All officers are not very scrupulous in their intercourse with the sex, though from predilection they know not what lengths they may not run in assisting one another in their amours. The officer consented, the marriage was solemnized, and Lucilius and Leonora cohabited together for some time in the glooms of secrecy, till Lucilius was ordered abroad to suppress an insurrection in one of the Roman colonies. He hesitated for some time before he could disclose the secret to his Leonora; and when he did disclose it, shewed all the compunction of a man who was going to be torn from all he loved, all he wished for. Their parting was affecting; the vessel in which he embarked was eyed by Leonora with all the anguish of despair. After his departure, she visited the beach thrice every day, and bedewed the thirsty sands with her tears. Some months elapsed without her receiving any intelligence of his fate; and at last a messenger arrived, not from him, but from another officer in his regiment, who was well known to Leonora, and was an admirer of her virtues. The billet was torn by the eagerness which she shewed to examine its contents. Its contents were, "That Lucilius had espoused another wife—that he renounced his former marriage as illegal and defective in form."—the officer, her friend added—"That he was so much irritated at his perfidy that he had challenged him, and made him pay the forfeit of his perfidy at the expence of his life."

This information was too shocking for Leonora to support. She expired with the letter in her hand.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Take the name of an insect for industry fam'd,
And that of a gem, in scripture oft nam'd
The name of a virtue which few misers possess,
And a Queen whose memory the Jews ever bless;
With that which in death all wish to enjoy,
And add—what ev'ry tongue should employ.
Join the initials—they then will declare
The name of a Nymph—both virtuous and fair.

An answer is requested.

MARY'S GHOST.

THE night was dark, the air was chill,
And stillness reign'd o'er all the vale;
Nature was hush'd, for all was hill,
But softly blew the rising gale:
When Jamie on his bed was laid,
And list'ning to his quiv'ring door,
He heard a voice that fault'ring said,
"Dear Jamie, weep for me no more."

The voice his senses did confound,
He started up with wild surprise;
Amazement all he look'd around,
When lo his Mary met his eyes.
Appall'd, he view'd the much-lov'd fair,
While sweat did drop from ev'ry pore;
But still the spirit only said,
"Dear Jamie, weep for me no more."

No light did through the latice break,
The vision only could be see,
When Jamie, trembling, thus did speak,
"Why, Mary, dost thou trouble me?"
On which the spirit sweetly smil'd,
Her looks full satisfaction wore,
And softly said, with accent mild,
"Dear Jamie, weep for me no more.

I only came thyself to tell,
That thou must soon unite with me;
Prepare, for soon will toll the knell
It's mournful requiem for thee:
Soon shalt thou feel the hand of death,
Thy soul to heaven soon shall soar;
Prepare thee to resign thy breath,
Dear Jamie, weep for me no more.

Oh! could I tell thee half the joys
Which blessed souls immortal feel;
Such that no mortal can surmise,
Such that I can't to you reveal.
We soon shall meet when thou art dead,
To live united evermore;
The cock crew loud, but yet she said,
Dear Jamie, weep for me no more."

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO ELIZA.

AH! lovely maid, that cruel dart,
Which Cupid from thy bosom threw,
And pierc'd the vitals of my heart,
I would return again to you.

Some other lover owns your heart,
And ah! that lover is my friend!
O Cupid, backward bear the dart,
Which I by faithful friendship send.

I saw you gentle as the dove,
When on my lips the accents hung,
Which would have spoke of softest love,
But sacred friendship held my tongue.

This sacrifice to friendship made,
Shall ever on the altar burn;
Till that blest day, some faithful maid
Shall bid the dart no more return.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Solution to the *Enigmatical list* of Young Ladies, contained in No. 120, July 1.

1. Miss Jacoby.
2. —— Lohra.
3. —— Harbeson.
4. —— Potter.
5. —— Paulke.
6. —— Dele. K. Z. W.

A striking instance of CAPRICE *in a Painter.*

KETEL, a Dutchman, got much credit by several noble performances here as well as abroad; but not content with the glory he acquired of those, and instead of aiming at greater perfection, he took it into his head to make himself known by a method of painting entirely new. To this end, he laid aside his brushes, and painted with his fingers, beginning with his own portrait. The whim took, he repeated the practice, and they pretend, executed those fantastic works with great purity, and beauty of colouring. In this manner he painted two heads for the Sieur Van Os, of Amsterdam; the first, a Democritus, was his own portrait; the other of M. Morosini, in the character of Heraclitus. The Duke de Nemours, who was a performer himself, was charmed with the latter and bought it. Another was the picture of Vincent Jacobson, a noted wine-merchant of Amsterdam, with a glass of Rhenish in his hand. As his success increased, so did his folly; his fingers appeared too easy tools; he undertook therefore to paint with his feet, and his first essay he pretended to make in public on a picture of the god of silence while that public, who began to think, like Ketel, that the more a painter was a monster, the greater was his merit, were so good as to applaud even this caprice.

HYMENEAL COURT.

MARRIED.

—On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Capt. Wicks, of Boston, to Miss MARIA GILMORE, of this city.

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A COMPLETE PRESS—
A FOUNT of ENGLISH—about 300 wt.
A FOUNT of Do.—150 wt.
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CASES—FRAMES—GALLIES—STICKS—FLOWERS, &c. &c. FOR SALE.
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AFTER visiting the principal islands in the West-Indies, where he executed his Profession and was employed as a Surgeon both in the English and French Hospitals, has returned to Philadelphia. He cleans, scales, and makes artificial Teeth; performs every operation in the human Mouth, extracts teeth and stumps with peculiar ease.

N B The poor may have his assistance gratis.

Jan. 21.

COURT OF APOLLO.

—***—

THE CHOICE OF THE SISTERS:

OR, JUDGMENT OF THE FLOWERS.

NEAR Avon's banks, a cultur'd spot,
With many a tuft of flow'rs adorn'd,
Was once an aged shepherd's cot,
Who scenes of greater splendor scorn'd.

Three beauteous daughters blest his bed,
Who made the little plat their care,
And every sweet by Flora spread,
Attentive still they planted there.

Once when still ev'ning veil'd the sky,
The sire walk'd forth, and sought the bow'r,
And bade the lovely maids draw nigh,
And each select some fav'rite flow'r.

The first, with radiant splendor charm'd,
A variegated *tulip* chose;
The next, with love of beauty warm'd,
Preferr'd the sweetly-blushing *rose*.

The third, who mark'd with depth of thought
How those bright flowers must droop away,
An *ev'ning primrose* only brought,
Which opens with the closing day.

The sage awhile in silence view'd
The various choice of flowers display'd,
And then (with wisdom's gift endu'd)
Address'd each beauteous list'ning maid:

"Who chose the *tulip*'s splendid dyes,
Shall own, too late, when that decays,
Then vainly proud, not greatly wise,
She only caught a short-liv'd blaze.

The *rose*, tho' beauteous leaves and sweet,
It's glorious vernal pride adorn,
Let her who chose, beware to meet
The biting sharpness of it's thorn.

But she, who to fair day-light's train,
The *ev'ning flow'r* more just preferr'd,
Chose real worth, nor chose in vain
The one great object of regard.

Ambitious thou! the tulip race
In all life's vary'd course beware;
Caught with sweet pleasure's rosy grace,
Do thou it's sharper thorns beware.

Thou, prudent still to virtue's lore,
Attend, and mark her counsels sage;
She, like thy flow'r, has sweets in store,
To soothe the ev'ning of thine age."

He cease'd—attend the mortal strain
The Muse enlighten'd pours,
Nor let her pencil trace in vain
The Judgment of the Flow'rs.

—***—

Lines found on the grave of a young gentleman, supposed to be written by a lady.

Could faithful love recall the fleeting breath,
Or chaft affection soothe relentless death,
Then had this grave ne'er claim'd the silent tear,
Nor read to thoughtless youth a lesson here.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

OR, THE HISTORY OF MR. ELLIOT.

[WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.]

(Continued.)

I EXPRESSED my obligations to his friendship in the warmest and most grateful terms, and we consulted how the matter should be broke to Lady Somerset; my friend undertook the task.

That very evening, as his sister was engaged out, and I had determined to be absent, I waited in a state of the greatest expectation for the event of his embassy; and on seeing him enter my room at one o'clock in the morning, I had hardly resolution to inquire his success. "My friend, my brother," exclaimed he, "I am authorised to call you so by the most amiable of mothers, Almena is your's, win her, my dear Frederick, and be happy."

Words were too faint to express my feelings; my Edward shared my emotions, and for a time we lost the remembrance of every thing but friendship. Now each adverse cloud appeared removed, and happiness permanent and delightful dawned on my morning joys. Lady Somerset informed Lord Ashford, that her daughter's heart was engaged; his disappointment betrayed him into the most violent rage, and he left the house threatening to be revenged.

Blessed as I was in Almena's love, and in the friendship of her amiable brother, I disregarded his threats, and smiled at the apprehensions of my charmer: three weeks after this made me her happy husband; my friend gave away his lovely sister, and shared in our felicity. My wife was every thing that was excellent and good; her love for me was unbounded, and mine was to such a painful excess, that I could not bear a look cast at any other person. To this unhappy jealousy of temper all my subsequent misfortunes were owing.

For twelve months, we enjoyed the most perfect felicity, when Lady Somerset appeared to to be declining in her health. Her physicians advised her to go to the south of France, my Almena was desirous of accompanying her beloved parent but her situation rendered it improper and dangerous. Lord Somerset was determined to attend her, which greatly alleviated my wife's uneasiness. As London did not agree with lady Almena, and as the season was far advanced, I proposed going to trout-Hall, for the ensuing hot months: she consented chearfully, as her lying in was not expected for a considerable time. The separation of my beloved from her mother and brother may be better imagined than described. We immediately went into the country, where I exerted the most unwearied assiduity to amuse and divert her thoughts from dwelling too much on the late melancholy parting. On a visit to a neighbouring family I was amazed to see Lord Ashford. He addressed my wife as if nothing had passed between them, and me with the most polite freedom. Some few weeks after, I had been out a little way, and on my return, asked the servant if any body had been there during my absence? "Lord Ashford, Sir, has been an hour with my Lady." I hurried to my wife's appartment, and opening the door gently, surprized her in tears. "How is this, my love? what has happened to make you uneasy?" "Nothing particular, replied she, I was thinking of my poor mother, you must pity the weakness of your wife, my Frederick." My Almena, my dearest love, answered I, clasping her to my bosom, I cannot bear your tears; talk not of weakness, you are all that is amiable and lovely." She seemed soothed with these words and appeared more chearful; as she did not mention lord Ashford's having been there, I did not choose to start the subject.

We passed a month in the most perfect tranquility, having heard in that time from my friend who gave us a pleasing account of lady Somersets health. My Almena's happiness was excessive at this information, and joy beamed on her lovely countenance; I frequently left her at her own desire, to partake of country amusements, though my inclination would have ever detained me with her; yet to make her easy I complied. She feared a too constant attendance on her would weaken my affection, and make me uneasy at so great a restraint.

One day, I had stayed longer than usual in hunting and was hastening to meet my wife, when I perceived lord Ashford riding up to the avenue: these visits and always in my absence greatly alarmed me. He would have avoided me, but I rode up to him, and after a slight civility, begged to know what had occasioned the honour of my seing him there? He looked confounded, and making an evasive answer spurred his horse, and rode away with great precipitation. This conduct, so very enigmatical, enraged me infinitely: I was inclined to pursue him, and force him to confess what his business was, but a moment's thought deterred me from such a conduct. I entered the house, torn by a thousand emotions, and went to my wife, who fled with open arms to receive me. I brutishly turned from her. "Lady Almena, has Lord Ashford been here?" I looked at her very sternly, she hesitated and blushed; "No, my dear; but wherefore this unkindness! Alas, Mr Elliot, have I offended you?" She burst into tears. Oh, how I cursed my own horrid disposition! I strove to abate her grief by every method in my power: and had she at that moment informed me of her conjectures, what a weight of woe had been spared to my succeeding days! But my misery was not to be avoided. I applied to the servant, who had before informed me lord Ashford had been at my house, who confirmed my suspicions by telling me, my hated rival, as I then madly thought him, had been a considerable time with his lady. I was too much affected by this news to answer the servant; and leaving him in the greatest haste, I determined to return to my wife and tax her with her inconstancy; but the consideration of my Almena's situation deterred me: as she was drawing near her time I reflected I might be her destroyer.

However I resolved to observe her conduct as well as lord Ashford's and accordingly. I therefore assumed an air of tranquility, and, by my tenderness, seemed to have banished every painful sensation from her bosom; when one day as we were talking on family matters, and wondering we had not heard from lord or lady Somerset for two months past, a servant brought me a letter from an intimate friend who was dying, and begged to see me: I would not have complied with his request, disagreeable as it was to refuse, had not my Almena insisted on my going.

(To be continued.)

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